

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"The Last One Off the Beach"

Copyright, 1914, Intern'l News Service

By Nell Brinkley

Why America Should Now Lead in Eeauty Culture and Fashions—Part 4



Poor Dan! You might be calling him the "Last Rose of Summer," too, for he's "blooming alone" these crisp, frosty fall days with their skies that Maxfield Parrish might well have dipped his gorgeously-eyed, fairy brush in the paint-pot to make (for they're as blue as the deepest blue you ever dreamed into a magic sea, and the big, billowy

white clouds drift over them like great broken puffs of cotton). Sure, the mornings are nippy, and the air is icy and the bather's nose is long since pink and his arms goose-flesh when he lifts his wet body out of the warm soda water into the Arctic wind—and Dan is "blooming alone" on the beaches. He's always the "last one off!" He stays 'til he rubs his ears to keep them warm, curls his toes fast and smiles

through the cold tears. And when every man and maid has flown and the beach is long and bare, and the sky cold and gray, and the spray that sends in on the sand drops like an icy diamond on his bare neck, he is still there hoping for a stray love affair, with a bit of a blaze to warm his blue fingers over, made of driftwood from the dunes.—NELL BRINKLEY.

With the wonderful advantages that Paris possesses in the producing of women's clothes, how is any country to excel or succeed her?

For some time we have been conscious of a growing criticism of Paris fashions as applied to American women. This is a criticism which regards them as sinfully extravagant and in many cases as immodest, has, perhaps had the loudest voice in this criticism, but it has not been confined to him.

There are many thoughtful women who while wishing to dress attractively and in conformity with the modes, regret the waste of time, energy and money that such rapidly changing fashions entail. Even the importers are beginning to speak of Paris models as uncertain ventures. They are obliged to buy them but in many cases they are left on their hands, for their American customers, after satisfying their curiosity by seeing them, refuse to purchase them.

This growing distrust of Paris authority, coupled with the fact that the European war is crippling the industry so that we can hardly expect anything like the normal amount of importations, makes this the moment for America to show its readiness to take up this dominion. Are we prepared for it? I think we are.

For years the American manufacturer of textiles have bemoaned the fact that the American market would take nothing from them save inferior lines of goods. For a long time they have professed their ability to manufacture an artistic stock of silks and woolsens as Lyons or Bedford could know, and were only prevented from doing so by the American woman's belief in the superiority of the foreign-made.

As the American ready-made garment is the best in the world there is no reason to doubt but what America can provide cutters and a certain kind of good designers. Our art schools which turn out excellent illustrators, fashion designers and advertising artists are undoubtedly able to provide us with men and women who can furnish original designs. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that the well educated American commercial artist who often has some experience in the Paris or Munich schools in addition to his American training is only waiting for a chance to develop an American costume as as Baker and Poiret have developed it in Europe.

American dressmakers say their greatest difficulty is to get efficient needlewomen, especially those that can do hand work as the French women can do it. The trade schools, in their turn, profess their ability to furnish workers of this kind as soon as there shall be a demand for them, and believe that the American-born girls of Italian and other European stock will become apt pupils.

It is evidently coming down to this. Will the American woman encounter and stand before the development of an American dress art? There are many reasons why she could do so to her own advantage.

Mrs. J. Bell (To be Continued.)

I know nothing, making a wall flower of me. Will you please tell me how late you think a caller should stay?

It is not unusual today for a father to remain in the room with his daughter's callers, and impatient youth probably resent it. But I like the attitude of intercourse of the mother. With a good housekeeper, and competent servants to assist her, you find that things will be cared for as you desire they should be, and your home will be made a place of comfort for you. Then the rest of it should be quite easy to accomplish. Whatever you do, don't quarrel.

Visiting Your Fiance. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young man of my own age for the last four years. But recently I have moved 100 miles from him. He was here, with my parents' consent, for two weeks. Now he wants me to visit him, with his parents' consent, and says he would pay my railroad fare if I would only come. Would this be proper for me to do? And would it be proper for him to write a girl friend a postal while visiting me, as we became engaged while he was here? H. B. S.

If your engagement has been made public, and your own parents consent, there is no reason why you should not visit your fiance. However, it would not be proper for you to permit him to pay your railroad fare. As for the postal your fiance wrote another girl, that is a mere trifle, and you should not permit yourself to become jealous.

Father Interested in His Daughter. Dear Miss Fairfax: Should a father always be in the same room with his daughter when she is entertaining a young man? I believe in father talking with them fifteen or twenty minutes, but my father spends the whole evening talking with my friends on subjects of which I don't care.

Be Frank with Him. Dear Miss Fairfax: A boy loves me, but I only like him as a friend. He is a nice boy, and my parents like him. I don't want to hurt his feelings. Could you give me some advice? W. J. B.

Be Frank with Him. It is far better to hurt his feelings a little now than a whole lot after awhile.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK. Ma had a visitor last nite, she was a lady that rites sum for the magareens. Her main was vary long so Ma jest called her Clara. Clara wanted to talk about literature, but Pa was reading the standing of the clubs and sumthing that a man had rote about Walter Johnson being the gratest pitcher in the world. He aint any grater than Matty, sed Pa. He may be as grata, but he ain't any grater. Is he? Pa sed to Ma's friend. I am sure that I cud not be considered a competent Judge, sed Ma's friend, as I doant know a thing about eether one of the gentlemen. I was reading sum moar of Kipling last nite. I think Kipling is so strong and convincing, doant you? He was never strong enuff to throw a



Start the Season Right by providing yourself with silk hosiery that will prove as satisfactory as it is good looking.

McCallum Silk Hosiery is as dependable as fine silk hosiery can be made. Its better grade of silk, strength and evenness of weave make it worth far more than the slightly higher price which may be asked for it.

For evening wear get McCallum's No. 326 or No. 1201 for men; No. 113 or No. 122, black fine thread silk hosiery for women.



Sold at the Best Shops in Town. McCallum Hosiery Co. Northampton, Mass.

McCallum Silk Hosiery

Awful Examples of Matrimony

There's Jenkins and Brown and Smithkins and Scores of Others

By DOROTHY DIX.

"The reason that more men do not get married," said the bachelor, "is because of the terrible warnings they get against matrimony when they go to visit their married friends."

"Now there is the case of Jenkins, my old chum. A better fellow never lived. He is warm hearted, and companionable, and intelligent, and cultivated, and broad-minded, and everything that is lovable in a man. He isn't rich, but he is in a good position, one that, before his marriage, enabled him to live like a gentleman."

"He dressed well, ate good food, properly cooked at good restaurants, was able to take in a good play every week and a little opera, and had a couple of bachelor rooms that his landlady kept as neat as wax, and where he passed many a pleasant evening with his books, or in chat with an old pal."

"Well, poor Jenkins one day met up with a pretty little fluffly-headed girl, who was as sweet, and pink, and white as peaches and cream, and she bowled him over, and he married her."

"By George, it brings tears to my eyes to think how, in the days of their engagement, the dear old chap used to mander on about what a lucky dog he was, and how happy he was going to be, and what a home he was going to have. His mother had died when he was a kid and he had been battled around the footstool ever since, and so there was no experience or facts to interfere with his dream about home. He sentimentalized over it until he actually had me no worked up that I was ready to do anything desperate—even commit matrimony to get a home for myself."

"Look! for me my guardian angel was doing double duty about that time, and I didn't, but Jenkins' good angel must have been off on a strike, for nothing saved him, and he led the pink and white little doll-baby up to the altar and got his life sentence, all right."

"You should see Jenkins now. He's shabby and slouchy, with seedy clothes that have no speaking acquaintance with the presser or the cleaner, and he wears a hang-dog and dejected look to match them."

"Now and then, when I feel especially noble and heroic, I go up and have dinner at his home with him, but it isn't any more the home his fond fancy painted than a cheap and garish chemo in an old master."

"The pretty little wife isn't pretty now. She is a shrewish-looking little vixen in a dirty wrapper and down-at-the-heel slippers, and with frowzy hair. And the house matches her, as a house always does the personality of the woman who lives in it. It is dirty, disorderly, untasteful, a place of hubbub and confu-



son and complaints and whining reproaches.

"And the meals are an insult to your palate and an irreparable injury to your digestion. The bread is like lead, the meat is tough as a shoe sole, the vegetables tasteless and watery. Furthermore, there's a sickly and howling baby or two that add to the din and confusion."

"The pretty little wife doesn't know a thing on earth about managing or cooking, or how to run a house, and so Jenkins' money is wasted and his wife is discontented and peevish because she can't have things that she sees other women having, and the poor old boy's spirit is broken because he doesn't see any way out of the dilemma, and knows that as long as he lives he has got to go on slaving just to pay tradesmen and listening to crying babies and his wife's reproaches, and getting worse and worse dyspepsia from her cooking."

"Not much in that to make a man want to get married, is there?"

"And there's my friend Brown, to whose house I also go occasionally when he summons up the courage to invite me. I don't mean by this to imply that Brown is a coward. Far from it. He is as brave as a lion before everybody but his wife, but she has got him reduced to the similitude of a whipped cur."

"Brown's wife is a good housekeeper and manager, but Brown wouldn't dare to enter his own front door without wiping his feet on the door-mat, and he would never dream of doing such a foolish thing as taking a friend home with him without first telephoning up and asking his wife's permission."

"Brown is an intelligent fellow and a good talker, and men listen to his opinions with respect. Mrs. Brown doesn't contradict him flat at every statement and treats him as if he were a small child, whose rightful place was in a home for the incurable feeble-minded."

"She buys his clothes for him and at the table tells him what he may eat and what he may not. She refuses to let him have a glass of beer, because she has temperance principles, and she won't let him smoke because she thinks it bad for his nerves."

"The house is always full of her family, and when the guest rooms overflow with them poor Brown is driven to sleeping on the library sofa. Furthermore, mother-in-law piles on the agony by always being on the scene and sitting in judgment on everything poor Brown does."

"Is there anything in that home to invite a man into putting his own neck under the yoke of matrimony?"

"And there's the Smithkins, whose wife is so jealous that she does not dare to speak to his own sister, and Johnson, whose wife makes eyes at you, and Williams, whose wife is so extravagant that he spends his life dodging the bill collectors, and the Smithers, who are always fighting, and whose home is about as peaceful a place to go to as a prize fight."

"Is there anything in the lives of these people, and they are not exceptional cases, to make a man think longingly of matrimony? Not much. The reason so many men don't marry is because their married friends hang out too many red danger signals. It scares them off."

Wolf Girl of India

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If we should judge by the insane rush into war which we have just witnessed in Europe, so boastful of its superior civilization, we must conclude that it is a very easy thing for men to return to barbarism. It is as simple as sliding down a hill.

Curiously enough, at this very instant there comes to light an individual example of the ineradicable tendency of human nature swiftly to descend the slope whose slow ascent has required so many thousands of years.

The English scientific journal Nature publishes an account of a "wolf-girl" found wandering in the jungle near Naini Tal, the summer capital of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, in India.

Her age is estimated to be about 9 years. She lives on grass, and is unable to eat any of the cooked food offered her except the native griddle cakes called chapatis. Her head is crowned with a huge mat of hair, and a thick growth covers the sides of her face and her spine.

Yet she bears the marks of vaccination, proving that she must once have lived among civilized people. Her capture was due to the fact that she was suffering from an ulcerated foot, while her head was marked with deep scars. Nothing can be learned of her concerning her history, but it is believed that she strayed into the jungle when an infant.

Probably she was purposely abandoned. This is not the only instance of a kind. Nature avers that there are many cases on record of "wolf children" said to have been found in the jungles of India.

A thorough scientific investigation of this particular case is promised, but certain conclusions can be drawn already. Wild men and women have occasionally been found in forests, swamps and mountains in various parts of the world, and there is a singular likeness in the physical and mental characteristics presented by all of them. Invariably, I believe, their bodies are more or less marked with an abnormal growth of hair, as if that anatomical peculiarity of the lower animals were the first to reassert itself in the human creature reduced to a primitive environment. Their mental characteristics show a similar regression.

It is the rapidity of these lapses that daunts the observer. They show that human nature, in its highest qualities, must continually combat a gravitational force drawing it downward. Like a tree, it derives its strength and its upright-ness from this unceasing struggle against a relentless depressing force, and if once the perpendicular is lost, abasement follows.

Moment of Excitement. "What do you mean by putting your head out of the window and calling the police?" asked the agitated officer. "There's nothing the matter and you're blocking the street."

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Getting Acquainted. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man a little past 18. Do you think I am old enough to have a steady girl? How can I get acquainted with some nice girls? I have been in Omaha only a few months and find it hard to meet any of the fair sex. I AM LONELY.

Don't worry, my boy, you have the best years of life before you, and plenty of time to meet nice girls. Behave yourself, avoid bad company, go to church and church entertainments so which the public is invited, and you will soon find yourself with an ever-widening circle of worthy acquaintances, both male and female.

Training a Wife. To "K": Your letter is too long for publication in this column. It is my opinion that you should employ, as you can well afford to do, if your income is as much as you say, a good housekeeper and let her take the details of the household and off your wife's hands. The four children are quite enough to tax the care of the mother. With a good housekeeper, and competent servants to assist her, you find that things will be cared for as you desire they should be, and your home will be made a place of comfort for you. Then the rest of it should be quite easy to accomplish. Whatever you do, don't quarrel.

Visiting Your Fiance. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young man of my own age for the last four years. But recently I have moved 100 miles from him. He was here, with my parents' consent, for two weeks. Now he wants me to visit him, with his parents' consent, and says he would pay my railroad fare if I would only come. Would this be proper for me to do? And would it be proper for him to write a girl friend a postal while visiting me, as we became engaged while he was here? H. B. S.

If your engagement has been made public, and your own parents consent, there is no reason why you should not visit your fiance. However, it would not be proper for you to permit him to pay your railroad fare. As for the postal your fiance wrote another girl, that is a mere trifle, and you should not permit yourself to become jealous.

Father Interested in His Daughter. Dear Miss Fairfax: Should a father always be in the same room with his daughter when she is entertaining a young man? I believe in father talking with them fifteen or twenty minutes, but my father spends the whole evening talking with my friends on subjects of which I don't care.

Be Frank with Him. Dear Miss Fairfax: A boy loves me, but I only like him as a friend. He is a nice boy, and my parents like him. I don't want to hurt his feelings. Could you give me some advice? W. J. B.

Be Frank with Him. It is far better to hurt his feelings a little now than a whole lot after awhile.

Don't Blame the Butcher—Eat Less Meat. Yes, meat is high. But we eat too much meat, under the mistaken impression that it is needed to nourish us. Eat less meat—substitute FAUST MACARONI.

It contains far more nutrition than meat. Easier digested also—ask your doctor. You can make money risk, every dish with this excellent food. Try it awhile—you'll feel better. 3c and 10c pkgs. Buy today. MAULL BROTHERS, St. Louis, Mo.



Portrait of a woman, likely the author or a related figure.